Hor. 'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman
Hath promiſt me to helpe one to another,
A fine Muſitian to inſtruct our miſtris,
So ſhall I no whit be behind in dutie
To faire *Bianca*, ſo beloued of me.
Gre. Beloued of me, and that my deeds ſhall proue.
Gru. And that his bags ſhall proue.
Hor. *Gremio*, 'tis now no time to vent our loue,
Liſten to me, and if you ſpeake me faire,
Ile tell you newes indifferent good for either.
Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met
Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will vndertake to woo curſt *Katherine*,
Yea and to marrie her, if her dowrie pleaſe.
Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well:
Hortenſio, haue you told him all her faults?
Petr. I know ſhe is an irkeſome brawling ſcold:
If that be all Maſters I heare no harme.
Gre. No, ſayſt me ſo, friend? what Countreyman?
Petr. Borne in *Verona*, old *Butonios* ſonne:
My father dead, my fortune liues for me,
And I do hope good dayes and long, to ſee.
Gre. Oh ſir, ſuch a life with ſuch a wife, were ſtrange:
But if you haue ſtomacke, too't a Gods name,
You ſhall haue me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?
Petr. Will I liue?
Gru. Wil he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.
Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?
Haue I not in my time heard Lyons rore?
Haue I not heard the ſea, puft vp with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with ſweat?
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heauens Artillerie thunder in the Skies?
Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud larums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That giues not halfe ſo great a blow to heare,

As wil a Cheſſe-nut in a Farmers fire.
Tuſh, tu ſh, feare boyes with bugs.
Gru. For he feares none.
Grem, *Hortenſio* hearke:
This Gentleman is happily arriu'd,
My minde preſumes for his owne good, and yours.
Hor. I promiſt we would be Contributors,
And beare his charge of wooing what ſoere.
Gremio. And ſo we will, prouided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as ſure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God ſaue you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beſeech you which is the readieſt way
To the houſe of Signior *Baptiſta Minola*?
Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: iſt he y
Tra. Euen he *Biondello*.
Gre. Hearke you ſir, you meane not her to——
Tra. Perhaps him and her ſir, what haue you to do
Petr. Not her that chides ſir, at any hand I pray.
Tanio. I loue no chiders ſir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc. Well begun *Tranio*.
Hor. Sir a word ere you go:
Are you a ſutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?
Tra. And I be ſir, is it any offence?
Gremio. No: If without more words you will get y
Tra. Why ſir, I Pray you are not the ſtreets as fr
as for you?
Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.
Tra. For what reaſon I beſeech you.
Gre. For this reaſon if you'l kno.
That ſhe's the choice loue of Signior *Gremio*.
Hor. That ſhe is the choſen of Signior *Hortenſio*.
Tra. Softly my Maſters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: heare me patience,
Baptiſta is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then ſhe is,
She may more ſutors haue, and me for one.